

## 12/8 Time

Mason Jennings

12/8 time seemed to her to be some sort of  
Life of crime  
With the handcuffs and the billy clubs  
Coming down on me  
She said rock 'n roll don't give her nothing  
But bad dreams  
So she planned my funeral and left me for dead  
A single corpse in a double bed  
But now she's standing on my front porch  
She goes knock knock knock knock  
Knock knock knock knock  
She come a-knockin' at my door  
Now she come a-knockin' at my door  
And now her key it don't fit  
And I'm not gonna let her in  
Now she come a-knockin' at my door  
Now she come a-knockin' at my door  
Now her key it don't fit  
I'm not gonna let her in  
Well, would you lookee here  
She's got a perfume bottle and her fancy clothes  
And a ribbon in her hair  
Well she ain't bad-lookin', and I'll give her that  
But she ain't all there  
And her body ain't as sexy as her underwear  
Her stomach ain't big enough I suppose  
To eat up all the mean words that she spoke  
She gonna try to ring quiet but the doorbell's broke  
She gonna hafta knock knock knock, I said  
You're gonna knock knock knock  
She come a-knockin' at my door  
Now she come a-knockin' at my door  
And now her key it don't fit  
And I'm not gonna let her in  
She come a-knockin' at my door  
Now she come a-knockin' at my door  
And now her key it don't fit  
And I'm not gonna let her in  
She come a knock-knock, let me in  
She come a knock-knock, let me in  
She come a knock-knock, let me in  
I said no,  
She come a knock-knock, let me in  
She come a knock-knock, let me in  
She come a knock-knock, please please  
No no no no no  
Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin  
Would i ever consider to begin to let you in